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The Shoemakers GLORY:
O R,
The PRINCELY HISTORY
O F
The GENTLE-CRAFT.

S H E W I N G

What renowned Princes, Heroes, and Worthies have
been of the Shoemakers Trade, both in this, and other
Kingdoms: Likewise, why it is called the *Gentle-
Craft*; and that they say a Shoemaker's Son is a Prince
born, &c.



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T H E

History of the GENTLE-CRAFT.

WHEN this famous Island of *Great-Britain* was divided into many Kingdoms, Wars raged among the petty Princes, and much Blood-shed ensued; in these Days, among the British and Welch Kings, one *Arviragus* governed that Place called *Powisland* very prudently, to the content of his Subjects, and marrying a fair Lady named *Genura*, Daughter of the King of *North-Wales*, he had by her a goodly Son, named *Hugh*, whom he brought up tenderly to Learning, and all other Things that were requisite to accomplish a princely Mind; sending him, when he came to Years, beyond the Seas to Travel, where he visited the Courts of all the most noble Kings and Emperors, and did many Exploits in Arms, and in single Combats against Monsters and Giants, so that his Fame and Renown spread every where; and coming to the Court of the Roman Emperor, being employed as his General against the *Sarazens* that invaded *Spain* and *Italy*, he did such Wonders in Valour, by overthrowing and putting them to Rout, that

upon his Return, he not only Triumphed but was Knighted by the Emperor, and one of his Daughters proposed to him in Marriage; but he excused it, as not inclining to change his Condition, which made the beautiful Princess much grieve, for she had set her Affections very tenderly on him, he being of a comely Personage, affable Temper, and courteous Behaviour. The Wars abroad ending, he returned, and in his Return visiting *Donvallo*, King of *Flintshire*, he had a Sight of *Winifred*, his fair Daughter, whose Beauty and Carriage he contemplated and admired so long, till Love began to fix a Spark of its Celestial Fire in his Bosom; the which, though he laboured to extinguish (in purposing to lead a warlike Life and to procure to himself a lasting Name for great and glorious Enterprizes) he could not, till it grew up immediately into a Flame, and he found himself constrained to love this admirable Creature; who was, on the contrary, subject to no Love, but that which is the noblest, a Divine Love to her Creator. Whilst he continued in her Father's Court, he made many Shews and Gestures to render her sensible, that her fair Eyes had kindled a Passion in his Breast, that he could not fancy but she well enough perceived them; so at that Time he took his Leave and rode pensive Home, where he was received with great Joy by his

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his Parents and Friends, to whom he related his various Adventures, but kept that of his Love Secret; so that the violent Flame feeding on his Spirits, among all the Merriments made for his Welcome, he found himself Restless and Uneasy; wherefore he resolved to visit the fair Object of it, and of her intreat a Cure for the Wound her pointed Beauties had given him, nor could long delay putting these Resolves in Practice. Three Days after he went to her Father's House, where he was received according to his Quality, and after Dinner walking in the Garden, he luckily, as he wish'd, found the fair *Winifred* reading in a solitary Arbour in the remote Part, and so intent was she on her Devotions, that he approached very near her, before she saw him, when immediately a Crimson Blush spreading over her Face, she arose and would have gone, but Sir *Hugh*, bending his Knee to the Ground just in the Passage, with an humble Submission intreated her not to be disquieted at his Approach, but in tender Compassion to his Suffering, stay a few Moments, and hear what he should utter from an unfeigned Heart: At this, she commanding him to rise, recollected her Spirits, sat down, and bid him say what he would, but as briefly as might be. The noble Lover taking Courage at this free Liberty, after having returned her many Thanks, he thus

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began.

began. " Fairest of Creatures that ever Nature framed, pardon me if I am constrained to beg Mercy at your Hands, and implore your Pity to cure the Wounds your bright Eyes have made in my Heatt; I love, dear *Winiferd*, and to that Degree, that no Words can expresse a Passion which exceeds all Utterance." He would have proceeded, but she interrupting him, said, " I am sorry, Sir, to hear these Expressions from you; yet, however, if your Love be Virtuouse, and proceed no farther than from one Friend to another, or such Love as Brothers may yield to Sisters, Chaste and Undeiled, your Condition is not so bad as you fancy it, for then I may yield you some Redress; but if it aim at Marriage, or Fruition of any such Tendency, all that you can say will be in Vain and Fruitless, for I have vow'd a single and chaste Life, as being already espoused to the glorious Bridegroom, even him that has woo'd and won me with his Love, after I was his by Right of Creation, and doubly made so by his purchasing me with his rich Redeeming Blood." Sir *Hugh* at this fetch'd a great Sigh, and told her, that he hoped she was not so strictly bound up to the Vow, seeing Religion is no Prohibiter of Marriage, but that it is by these holy Ordinances enjoin'd, and therefore, said he, I hope you will pity my youthful Years; as for my Birth, you know, 'tis Royal as well

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as yours, and if my Exploits and Achievements have hitherto come short of your Worth, I will labour with double Diligence to do something that may ease the Pain Love's Darts have made in my bleeding Heart, for which the World, or any Thing else, cannot allot any Cure, except I enjoy your lovely Person in the soft Embraces of Marriage Delights. "Alas! said she, then I can only pity your Sufferings, but may not cure them;" and thereupon she departed, leaving Sir *Hugh* in great Perplexity and Doubtings, and so for that Time he could not alter her Mind; and taking Leave of her Father, with a seeming Chearfulness, he departed, lamenting his hard Fate to love, and not to be belov'd again.

SIR *Hugh* taking shipping at *Venice*, in order to return to *England*, after a Day's sail, the Ship was caught by a Tempest, which drove her on the Rocks of *Sicily*, and broke her to Pieces, yet were the Men saved, but crawling a-shore, they were assailed by a barbarous sort of People called *Poliphemes*, with but one Eye each, which stood in the middle of their Fore-heads, these Giants with mighty Clubs, killing divers of the Men, and afterwards eat them; tho' Sir *Hugh* having done Wonders with his Sword, finding his Company over-powered, escaped by retreating into a Wood, and hiding himself in the

Branches of a high Tree, being all Night terrify'd with the Noise and Cries of wild Beasts; there he saw an Elephant and a Dragon fight, till the Elephant fell, the Dragon having poison'd him so that he burst asunder; but the next Morning, by the friendly Guidance of another Elephant, he found the Way to a Sea-port Town, and there getting shipping, came to *England* in poor Condition, having lost all that he had in the Storm, unless an old Suit, and a very small Matter of Money; however, he was entertain'd on board an English Ship, and came safe to *Harwich*, where going to a House of Entertainment to refresh himself, he met with a Company of Journey-men Shoe-makers, whose pleasant Tales and merry Songs, so delighted him, that he desired to be admitted into their Company, thinking thereby to divert his Melancholy. The Boon Companions could not refuse this civil Request, so in a little while they grew better acquainted, and then having discoursed of one anothers Travels, he making his poor Condition known, they desired him to stay with them, and they would not only provide for him, but teach him their Craft; which he (hearing that *Winifred* followed her solitary Way of Living, and would not be won from it) consented to, and grew very expert in it, and so this Princely Shoe-maker continued working a whole

whole Year, being for his courteous Behaviour, greatly beloved of all. During this Time, *Dioclesian*, the cruel persecuting Emperor, coming over, and finding the Christian Religion began to flourish, he put great Numbers of them to Death by divers Sorts of Torments, commanding others to Worship his Idols, and sent *Winifred* to Prison for refusing it. Sir *Hugh* no sooner heard of his Mistresses unjust Confinement, but he went often to the Prison, but was denied the seeing of her, yet he procured all Manner of Dainties, and sent them privately by a Keeper, who he bribed for that Purpose; for which, and speaking in the Praise of the Religion, he was, by the Tyrant's Order, clapt up in the same Prison with her. This greatly rejoiced his Heart, that she might see how Courageous and Constant he was to his Religion and Love; and here the Journey-men Shoemakers sent him Relief daily, and were so kind to him that he stil'd them *Gentlemen of the GENTLE-CRANT*; and that Stile has continued ever since to them.

Sir *Hugh* had not been long in Confinement with his fair *Winifred*, before an Order came that they should be try'd as Contemners of their Gods; at which Trial they behaved with great Courage, affirming their Gods to be only foolish Idols made with Mens Hands. This so enraged the Tyrant, that he commanded they

they should be immediately put to Death. The Tyrant understanding Sir *Hugh* had come this Misfortune for the love of *Winifred*, strove to perswade him to recant, but he with disdain refusing, he caused her to be bled to Death, and her Blood to be mixed with strong Poison, and given him to drink; which he took freely, and so ended his Life. While he was in Prison he wrote a curious Encomium in Praise of the *Craft*, how Gentle and Comfortable they liv'd; how Friendly to Strangers; and loving to one another; concluding in these Lines.

*Of all the Crafts the Gentle-Craft is best,
 Their pleasant Songs makes Labour seem like Rest;
 In Mirth and Comfort all the Year they live,
 And unto Strangers oft Relief they give:
 They merry are when Cares do Princes grieve.
 Nay, more than this, may of their Craft be said,
 For many Princes have been of their Trade.*

IT so happened that not many Years after the Decease of cruel *Dioclesian*, another, no less cruel, arose in his stead, named *Maximinus*, and because some Insurrections to cast off his Yoke, had been raised by the *British* Princes, he banished many of them, took the Children of others Hostages for their good Behaviour, the Male of which he caused to be gelded, or privately made away with, in order

order to hinder the Rise of the Christian Religion, and also to secure this noble Kingdom to his Successors. Among others, the two Sons of the noble King of *Logria*, being sent for, and refus'd by Queen *Efteda* their Mother, their Father having some Time before been sent into Banishment, and their died; and she hearing that he was coming to take them by Force, called them to her, and with Tears in her Eyes, kissed them, and said, *Ab, my dear Children, your Lives are sought for, as well as others, who have been cruelly destroyed; the Tyrant is coming to seize you, as a Vulture seizes a harmless Lamb in his griping Talents; therefore you must be Strangers to me for a Time, and in these Disguises seek your Fortunes as Providence shall lead you.* The eldest of these whole Name was *Crispianus*, and the younger *Crispin*, greatly marvelled at this Discourse of their Mother's, as being new and surprizing to them; yet she urging it exceeding necessary, and like the Mother of *Moses*, not being longer able to keep them Secret, they took the homely Raiment she had provided, and some little Money in their Pockets, the better to avoid Suspicion, and so, with many Tears and Embraces, the Queen gave them her Blessing and dismissed them; and it was in a happy Hour, for they were not got many Miles, but the Tyrant came to search for them; and tho', upon being missed, Pursuit

was

was every where made, and the Pursuers saw them, yet thro' their Disguise and meanness of Attire, they escaped Examination. The young Princes going from *Canterbury*, where the ancient Palace of the Kings of *Kent* was seated, travelled all that Day, and at Night reached *Faversham*, where they walked up and down the Streets, destitute of Lodging, till coming to the Corner of a Street, they were somewhat comforted by a merry Song they heard a Journey-man Shoe-maker singing at his Work, by peeping thro' the Key-hole: This made them wish their Condition was the same rather than what it was, then should they be freed from many Cares and Fears that now oppressed them: Well Brother, said *Crispin*, I think it would not be amiss, since you like the Fellow's Merriment so well, if that for a time we seek to be entertain'd in this House; which the other liking well, they knocked at the Door. Who's there, says the Journey-man? What would you have at this time of Night? Some faucy Knave or other, I'll warrant it; and with that taking up his Staff, he opened the Door, resolving to have a Brush if there was Occasion; but seeing them comely Youths, and speaking in a submissive Manner, he began to Pity them, demanding what they would have? They told him, being Friendless, having lost their Father in the Wars,

and

and nothing left them to subsist on, they were turned out to a desperate Fortune, and would willingly undertake any Business they could be capable of for an honest Livelihood. These Words, spoke with an innocent Countenance, mov'd the Journey-man to a good Liking of them, whereupon bidding them stay, he called down his Master, and he looking earnestly upon, asked if they would be Shoe-makers, and they replying they would, he immediately took them into his House, and in a few Days they were bound 'Prentices for 7 Years: They soon became very expert at their Business, and tho' search was made after them in that Town, yet in the Station they were in, none took Notice of them; so that not being to be found, the Tyrant *Maximinus*, very much enraged, sent the Queen, their Mother, to Prison, that by a hard Confinement she might be constrained to discover; but she would by no Means be induced to it, either by Threats or fair Promises, tho' she had Intelligence from them where they were. This Shoe-maker, whose Name was *Robands*, in their 'Prenticeship grew very Rich, having all the Trade of the Nobility and Gentry in those Parts, and so fam'd he was for the best Work, that he was introduced at the Court, and at last became the Emperor's Shoe-maker, by which Means his Servants frequently went thither. During these

these Transactions, the *Persians* invaded *France*, and *Maximinus* sending British Forces to assist that King, *Crispianus* desirous to try his Fortune in the Field, went over with them, leaving his Brother sorrowful for his Departure, who being one Day sent to Court with Shoes, the fair Princess *Ursula* cast her Eyes upon him, and seeing him a comely Person, of an extraordinary obliging Behaviour, could not but fancy with herself, that he must be more by Birth than he appeared, and though she was the Emperor's Darling, her Mother being dead, and leaving behind her no more Children, and he designing to marry her with some mighty Prince, yet she was so taken with this Shoe-maker, that she shewed him such Civility, that he wondered at it, thinking at first she might know him, and to settle the Kingdom more firmly on herself, she designed to get from him, by fair Promises, his Birth and Quality, thereby to ensnare his Life, which made him resolve to be cautious in it; so that she well perceiving he regarded not her amorous Glances nor kind Words, or the other Favours, she cast in her Mind how to come nearer to the Purpose, for every time she saw him, her Love increased, and grew up into a greater Flame, insomuch, that one Day when he came to Court, complaining to him of the ill make of her Shoes, she order'd
him

him to take Measure of her, and bring her a Pair more suitable to her Humour: At this, bowing low, he promised to make them, and set every Stitch with his own Hands, so that



he doubted not but they would please her Highness; and so, having taken Measure of her delicate Foot, and being order'd to deliver them into her own Hands, he departed.

When

When he was gone, she began to meditate with herself what she was about to do, which caused Blushes in her Face; yet, quoth she, were this Youth in princely Attire, he would even disgrace other Princes in his comely Behaviour and Person, and therefore, concluding he was something more than he seemed to be, she resolved, at a Venture, to declare her Mind to him, taking little Rest for his Absence; at length he had finished that which compleated his Fortune in the highest Degree, and carrying them, had, by her Order, Admittance into her Chamber, where he fitted them, she was so pleased with his Work, that she gave him an Angel; whereupon, bowing low, he was about to depart; but she, ordering the Ladies out of the Room, took him gently by the Hand, saying, *I prithee, Crispin, tell me, Art thou in Love, that you so spruce up yourself of late?* Truly, Madam, said he, if I should be out of Love, I should be out of Charity, all Creatures are subject to it. *Ay, but,* said she, *one Question more, Who is this pretty Lass that has got thy Heart?* In good troth, says he, all the Love I possess is, first to my Maker, who has done such great Things for me, next to my good Master and Dame, then to all in Charity; but as to any particular Love to Woman, as yet, my Heart is free from it, my tender Years and bashful Nature have not admitted me to rove so far;
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I have heard of the many Misfortunes that have befall poor Lovers, and therefore dare not venture, lest that Case should be my own, and I grow miserable thereby. *Ay, said the Princess, that is where Crosses and discontented Marriage happens to perplex them, but in true Love there are abundance of sweet Contents, a virtuous loving Wife is a Treasure; therefore if I should prefer you to such a one, could you refuse her?* True, replied he, I should be unmannerly and ill-natur'd, if I should slight your Highness's Good-will towards me. *Well, said she, then know you shall have a Stock of Virtue with her, and as for her Beauty, I think it will be well enough to content an honest Man.* Ay, Madam, said he, but a stock of Virtue will not pay the Tanner, nor buy Soal-Leather; if I should carry her to Market with me, as Times go, they are not current Coin. *Well, said she, to be short, look on me, she is as like me as possible; her Portion, I am certain is beyond your Expectation, and for her Wisdom, Time will shew it.* If she be like your Highness, said he, she is well worthy of all Love; yet if my Presumption reach not too high, I had rather it were yourself than your Likeness, and if I were known, I might be thought worthy of a Queen. *Well, Shoe-maker, said she, I see thy Courage, but suppose it were myself, dar'est thou venture to die for a Lady's Love?* No Madam, said he, if I could keep your

B. Love

Love and live. *Then live, said she, and know I love you, and will marry you, and screen you from my Father's Wrath, which is the only Thing you can dread;* and thereupon gave him a Kiss. After he had found her true Affection to him, he greatly rejoiced, and told her all the Secrets of his Heart, and what his Birth was, and what caused him to be a Shoemaker, which pleased her mightily; and so that Evening they appointed to meet in the Park, under the great Oak, to consummate their Marriage privately: The Princess delaying not to be there before him; and *Crispin* brought with him a Priest, who, not knowing her in Disguise, for a good Reward, married them: Then dismissing the Priest, and retiring to a pleasant Bower, they enjoyed the first Fruits of their Love, to both their Hearts content; and after they had dallianded in their amorous Sports a while, she retired privately to the Palace, the most pleased of Womankind, and he, the happiest of Men, to his Master's House. After this they often met and enjoyed each other sweet Company; and *Crispin* at his Work usually snug and discoursed in the praise of Marriage, shewing himself so joyful, that all the Journey-men wondered at him; where we will leave him a while, and return to *Crispianus*.

Chrispianus

C*Hrispianus* being beyond the Sea in Arms against *Iphicrates*, the renowned *Persian* General, who was himself a Shoe-maker's Son, and by his many warlike Exploits was raised to command a mighty Army, and had reduced almost all *France* to his Obedience: He sent a bold Challenge of Defiance to the *French* King, in the Name of himself, and the *Persian* Army; whereupon, on a great Plain the Battle was appointed, and a Bloody Fight ensued. The *Persian* General, like Lightning, breaking in among the *French* Squadrons, and seconded by his best Troops, bore down all before him, in Revenge that they had reproached him for being the Son of a Shoe-maker; his Courage redoubled and pressing on, he came to the Royal Standard, where the King was, and bearing it down, after a bloody Encounter, wherein thousands were lost, took the King Prisoner from the midst of his Guards, and was carrying him to his Tent. All this while *Crispianus* had done Wonders, so that he was noted above all the Commanders, and having pursued and slain a great Party of the *Persians*, and returning, and perceiving the King Prisoner, broke into that Troop, overthrew the *Persian* General after a bloody Onset, set the King at Liberty, and did such Wonders, that the Enemy sounded a Retreat, leaving the Victory to the *French*, the sole Praise of which was given to

Crispianus, and when they knew he was but a Shoe-maker, they extolled his Courage and Bravery the more, wishing all the Army were of the Trade, and then they would be Invincible: His Praise sounded loud every where, so that the *Persian* General hearing of that, for the sake of their Trade, and honour to the *Gentle-Craft*, he concluded a Peace and retired out of the Country, to the great Joy of the Inhabitants, and immortal Renown of *Crispianus*, to whose Worth and Valour they attributed their Safety, so that they held great Feasting for many Days. Now all being in Peace, *Crispianus* with the *British* Forces departed home. The King sent Letters of high Commendation by him to *Maximinus*, reporting the Wonders he had done, recommending him to his special Favour, as most worthy of it. Whilst *Crispianus* was upon his Return, the Princess *Ursula* grew big with Child, informing *Crispin* of it, intreating him not to leave her, for fear of her Father's Anger, for that she would accompany him any where, thinking a homely Cottage with him, above all the Delicates of a Palace without him, and that his Absence would certainly break her Heart. At this he tenderly kissed her ruby Lips, wiped away the pearly Tears that trickled from her fair Eyes, and said unto her, *I will undertake all Hazards of Death and Torture, before I will*
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leave you. Then they began to contrive where she might lay in secretly, which *Crispin* intreated her to leave to his Care, and when he had provided such a Place, he would privately send her Word; so at that Time they parted. *Crispin* thought this Business could not be in safer Hands than his Dame's, who had shewed him much Love all this Time, and was not a little amorous of him, endeavouring many Ways to let him see it, but though he well noted her, he dissembled that Knowledge; and so finding her in private, he told her, I have a Secret of great Importance to reveal to you, which she thinking to be an Answer of her Desires in return of Love, the sooner gave Audience; but when, contrary to her Expectation, he told her the Affair, she fell into an extravagant Passion, wringing her Hands, and crying out, O *Crispin*, *thou hast undone thyself; thou wast a good Fellow and mightest have liv'd happily, but now (having got a Wench with Child) thou hast broke thy Indentures, and art utterly ruin'd: What will you do for Milk, Pap, Piggins, Clouts, and a hundred other Necessaries? Well, I believe she tempted thee to this Folly, and I fackins I'll have her by the Nose for it.* Whilst the old Wife used these Speeches, *Crispin* knew not what to think of it, but whilst he was about to explain the Matter, the Master hearing the Noise, came to know the Reason, and having

ing understood that his Man had married the Emperor's Daughter, he stood astonish'd, and could not be induced to believe it; or that as he said, himself was a Prince born. However at last they agreed she should lye-in secretly there; and soon after, upon the Signal given, which was the firing a Tree, which made others on the Coast fire their Beacons, so a Rumour was spread, that the Enemy was landed: In the Hurry the Princess made her Escape in Disguise, and was deliver'd at the Shoe-maker's of a fine Son, to the great Joy of his Parents. *Crispianus* coming laden with Renown from the Wars, was much pleas'd to find his Brother so happily married; and going to the Court with Letters of Recommendation, he was nobly entertain'd by *Maximinius*, who bid him ask any Thing, within his Power, and he would grant it. Then he told him who he was, and desired that his Mother might be at Liberty, which was immediately done. *Maximinius* told him if he had not unluckily lost his Daughter, he should have had her in Marriage: At which time, as it was contriv'd, *Crispin* and the Princess came in with their Child, which much surprized the Emperor, but being given to understand, that the Shoe-maker she had married was *Crispianus's* Brother, and all the Circumstances that attend'd their Love, he took them into Favour, and they lived happily all their Lives afterwards.

Young

*Young Crispin going to Court,
 He won a Lady gay,
 And as the Truth we may report,
 She was convey'd away
 From thence, she being great with Child,
 A Season to remain:
 At length her Friends were reconcil'd,
 When she return'd again;
 For Crispianus came from France,
 With Honour and Renown;
 The Lovers came just then by chance,
 And as they kneeled down,
 They ask'd their Father's Blessing there,
 His Anger to expel;
 Who pardon'd them and did declare,
 He lik'd the Marriage well.*

*A brief Account of the strange Prodigies, and o-
 ther wonderful Things, that happened during
 the Mayoralty of Sir Simon Eyre, Lord-
 Mayor of London, who was a Shoe-maker.*

A Terrible Comet appeared, fore-running
 the War that happened between *England*
 and *Scotland*; but particularly, the lamentable
 Civil War that happened between the House
 of *York* and *Lancaster*, which occasion'd the
 Loss of *France*, and the Lives of 150,000
English Men.

In this Year the fatal Battle of *Barnet-Field*
 was fought, in which 10,000 Men were slain.

In

In the Summer there was a terrible Thundering and Lightning, which struck many Cattle in the Fields dead.

A great Whale of 39 Foot in Length, and 24 in Circumference, was taken at the Mouth of the River *Humber*.

In June, two Hours after Sun-set, appeared in the Air, to the South-ward, a Pillar of Fire, which continued to do so three Nights together, and the Weather was so sultry that many died of Heat.

A Sow at *Rippon*, in *Yorkshire*, brought forth Pigs with Faces like Children, and Feet like Monkeys, for which she was burnt.

The Conduit in *Fleet-street* run Blood for half an Hour. Many terrible Sightings were seen in the Air of Armies fighting, and strange Voices heard. It rained Wheat near *Lancaster*, and after that small Pebble-stones.

At *Royston*, a Woman was brought to Bed of a Child, with a Head like a Calf, Bleating instead of Crying.

Two small Earth-quakes happened, one on the 8th of March, and the other on the 29th of August.

Violent Storms happened, which made the Sea break in and drowned many Acres of Land, much Cattle, and ruined divers Villages, the Breach was made near *Bright-Hempstead*.